

The Times-Dispatch

Business Office: 100 N. Main Street
Richmond, Va.
Telephone: 100
Subscription Office: 100 N. Main Street
Richmond, Va.
Telephone: 100

BY MAIL: One Six Three One
Year, Mo. Mo. Mo.
Daily without Sunday: 4.00 2.00 1.00 1.00
Daily without Sunday: 4.00 2.00 1.00 1.00
Sunday edition only: 1.00 1.00 1.00 1.00
Weekly (Wednesday): 1.00 1.00 1.00 1.00

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg, Va., One Week, 15 cents
Daily without Sunday: 10 cents
Sunday edition only: 5 cents

Entered January 7, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1912.

LET THE GRAND JURIES DO THEIR DUTY.

The statement of the personal property returns for 1912 communicated yesterday by Auditor of Public Accounts C. Lee Moore lays upon the grand juries of Virginia a duty which they must not avoid in the slightest degree. The indictment made by the record is inescapable; the grand juries must execute that indictment. "These assessed incomes are not representative of either the possessions or the thrift of a people so provident and industrious as the taxpayers of Virginia," the courageous Auditor of Public Accounts charges, and he is right. The returns detailed in his statement present evidence of gross and general public evasion of public duties. Tax-dodging, tax inequalities and fearful disproportion between communities are glaringly apparent. Bound up with these deplorable conditions is the lax administration of the assessment laws. The taxpayers have not done their duty, but that very fact implies negligence on the part of the tax-gatherers.

There is a plain duty here for the grand juries, but it need not involve proceedings against any citizen. If there has been honest mistake, it may be rectified by the citizen when called before the grand jury. Willful fraud will not be assumed to exist by the grand juries until the tax-evaders have been given a chance to come to time and have refused to comply with the mandate of the law. Every citizen will have an opportunity to correct error in his assessment. The proceeding is civil in nature and not criminal.

The case of the merchant's license tax is typical of all the other classes of tax evasion. The returns indicate that there are only 5,677 merchants whose annual purchases exceed \$2,000, which means that more than 50 per cent of the merchants of the State buy no more than \$1,000 worth of goods per year. If the returns state facts, then big business should come to Virginia to learn how to do business.

The income tax returns reveal a condition as strange. In sixteen counties no income is assessed against any person. In each of seventeen counties there is but one person whose income exceeds \$2,000. In 100 counties there are only 933 taxpayers assessed upon their incomes, whilst in nineteen cities but 2,544 persons are assessed. Auditor Moore has put the case squarely up to the grand juries. He has done his part; let them do theirs. If they perform their duties thoroughly, the result may be a lowering of the tax rate throughout the State. The taxpayers are the real victims of the tax-dodgers. It is for them who are bearing their share of the burden to create a public sentiment that, working through the grand juries, will make the other fellows come into court and tote their share.

The administration of justice as to crime in Virginia exalts her in the eyes of the nation. Let the administration of justice as to taxation by her grand juries make her equally famous as a State which demands that in return for equality of privilege there must be equality of burden.

MODESTY AND FULLMANS.

Englishmen who visit this country and afterwards make good money by writing their impressions, often talk through their exceedingly correct high-hats. But one point has been made by these critics so often and so insistently that their unanimity has become impressive. Recently Arnold Bennett wrote of the promiscuous and startling nature of our sleeping-car arrangements, and now Lord Claud Hamilton calls our accommodations "immodest" and gives as a reason for such conditions, the American love of publicity. Lord Claud is wrong. Even those of us most infatuated with the lime-light do not want the character of our sleeping or the methods by which we dispose exploited for the public. We would rather have compartment sleepers with the delightful privacy of some English cars, but we are patient and long-suffering and will wait quietly until the Pullman monopoly decides to give them to us. It is difficult to see yourself as some other sees, but slowly the idea is spreading that our present sleeping cars are foolish and immodest and a polite form of torture. We have gotten used to the sacrifices expected, both of comfort and privacy, but since they are not really necessary, why not clamor for the better equipment? We are using the same system of sleeping on a shelf behind a curtain that was begun thirty years ago. The only improvement has been in the structure of the car, and the luxury of its fittings. We have inhaled mogginess now, but the same old upper berth, where the light shines in your eyes, and the only thing between you and your neighbor, eight feet below, is

a fragile green curtain. What might be done is to cut out some of the luxury and substitute a bit more comfort and seclusion.

The trouble is at bottom because the sleeping-car trust has no competition and therefore need make no reforms unless forced by law or a militant public opinion. It seems strange that since much of the pullman using class is wealthy and feminine, there has been no complaint from women made to endure this discomfort and promiscuity of our sleepers. No woman ever feels perfectly safe or perfectly protected against invasion of her person, on a sleeping-car. They could exert pressure enough to bring about a change.

Our English critics are right. It is a beastly way to travel. We are learning not to like it. But until we have more say in the matter, what shall we do?

THE BALKAN ISSUES.

It is far more than probable that in the event of actual war between Turkey and the four Balkan States, Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro and Greece, that have mobilized their armies in concert and in preparation therefore, the latter would be victorious, barring intervention by the major powers. Turkey has on paper a fighting force of 1,000,000 men, at immediate command; the concert about half that number. But it must not be forgotten that there is widespread disaffection in the Turkish army and that admittedly many of the regiments are greatly demoralized owing to the plotting and counter-plotting of the Young Turk and the old Turk emmises respectively. The Turkish army of to-day is neither in discipline, moral nor inspiration, the army that confronted Russia in the last Russo-Turkish War, and made such a splendid record, notwithstanding defeat. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that the concert can draw upon a population, every man of which, virtually, who is not enticed by age, is a trained soldier, eager for a trial of conclusions with the Ottoman invader and oppressor. This draft would bring the number of the combined armies of the concert, approximately speaking, up to that of the nominally available Turkish force.

Yet, after all, would the victors be permitted to divide the territorial spoils? What would be the effect of the proposed division upon the European equilibrium? What are the influences and conditions militating against its being permitted, and forestalling intervention that might precipitate general war, and disturbance and readjustment of the balance? Manifestly parceling out would be the end of Austro-Hungarian ambition to absorb Albania and reach Salonica, a long practical step towards which was taken when the dual monarchy annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina out of hand.

There we have Austria-Hungary's motive for making an excuse for intervention, but should she intervene and attempt a grasp of spoils by pressing towards her goal, what of Italy? It is also manifest that the realization of the design noted, upon Albania and Salonica, by her partner in the tribunal, could not be looked upon with equanimity by Italy, since it would give Austria-Hungary naval command of the Adriatic. Therefore, it would not be surprising if a movement for consummation detached Italy from the old Bismarckian pact, which for years has been none too popular among her people and threw her into the arms of Russia.

Now, in turn, what of Russia? Austria-Hungarian advance upon Salonica, even serious menace of it, could hardly fail to prove the signal for another Russian march upon Constantinople and demand for compensation in the shape of the opening of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and the free access of her vessels of war from the Black to the Mediterranean Sea. Here, again, the question arises, would Great Britain view this concerted movement and the demand with any less equanimity than Italy would view an Austro-Hungarian one on Salonica? Would she reverse her historic policy, touching the Bosphorus and Dardanelles issue? There are many who gravely doubt it, and hence we have in the Balkan outlook the possibilities of a breaking up also of the triple entente. However, it is these factors of the problem, these possibilities, that encourage more than anything else the hope that the major powers will succeed in averting war between Turkey and the concert, since there is a natural and a logical dread that it would venturate in a dislocation of European international relations and a spreading of hostilities, the end of which none can foresee. The moral sympathy of the powers discourages the concert to loose the dogs of war; their political sympathy, their self-interest and their jealousies and fears of one another dictate the making of every effort to keep them in leash. They are not ready for the general havoc they apprehend might follow, be their own respective hopes and purposes as leaning on the ultimate and inevitable partition of Turkey what they may.

THE POET OF LOCKENBIE STREET.
It is genuine love for James Whitcomb Riley that will express itself in the celebration of his birthday over the land on Monday, October 7. Schools, libraries and literary clubs will show to the living author that his fame is already sure and that honor will not be withheld until the grave has made him useless to the man who has sung happiness into the hearts of millions. Riley is just the soul to be moved by such a demonstration; he holds fast to the gentle emotions and believes in

making known to a friend what tender is in your heart. It will be a dear memory with which to face the shadows, to feel that his precepts of cheerfulness, joy, humor and love have taken hold of the lives of those who read them, and that out of gratitude comes his sincere celebration of his birthday. Probably he is the first poet in history whose birthday was made a national event before death had claimed the man.

The reason for this firm hold upon the affections of American people is not far to seek. His poetry is about things they know in language and imagery that they can understand. There is nothing "hifalutin" as he might say; it smacks of real life and the emotions that are shared by peasant and king. One does not have to be a scholar or a high-brow to find pleasure in Riley's lyrics. Yet the scholar will enjoy them not less than the child. For they sing of elemental things; they are sincere; and they are written with the technique of a big artist.

This last quality of Riley's genius, the serious critics seem to have overlooked. Yet we doubt whether any living Englishman, here or abroad, is so perfect a master of the simple ballad measures of the greatest English poetry. Riley is a great natural poet like Burns. His art is of the concealing kind. Yet in beauty of phrasing, in wonderful coloring effects of sound, in swing of rhythm, and in the quality of his lines, he displays the simple mastery of expression that comes from being born that way, not made.

But, it matters little about the critics. The people love him because he has written lines that move them to smiles or tears. He has made loving record of their dreams, their feelings, and their memories, and so for the sweetness he has brought to living, they now, with the sentiments of children or old neighbors, desire to express their thanks.

REDUCING HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES.

Domestic science experts are soon to meet in Chicago to consider the question of household expenses and to devise ways and means to reduce the fearful waste that occurs in the home. Women spend 90 per cent of the \$300,000,000 that "goes" every year in the United States. To cut down the waste that takes place in spending that 90 per cent is no ordinary problem.

Here is presented another of the multitudinous causes of the high cost of living—waste in housekeeping. In clothes, laundry bills, servant utility, the buying of food, its preparation and the use of leftovers. The meeting is for women only. They know their shortcomings and propose to talk them over and suggest possible remedies. Power to their elbows!

FOR LIFE.

Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, Harvard professor and Harvard classmate of the Colonel, urges as an argument for the latter's re-election that we shall have a Socialist President elected within sixteen years unless we let T. R. have the job again. If that be so, wouldn't it be necessary, Bushnell, in order to keep the Socialist President out of office sixteen years from now, to keep the Colonel in office for another sixteen years? Who would dare intrust the government to any one else? The Colonel has told us that his sole experiment in selecting a successor in 1908 was a horrible blunder, according to his own evidence, and he could not safely repeat the experiment. Why not make the Colonel a life and completely discourage the Socialists?

SAFETY ON RAILROADS.

Nine more lives have been sacrificed to the speed mania in railroad travel. This time an engineer took a cross-over from one track to another at a speed of over forty-five miles an hour, although specific orders to reduce the rate to fifteen miles an hour had been printed. The New York papers are speculating on who was to blame and what will remedy the trouble. In this case, the road holds that the engineer was guilty of disobedience. But the schedule to keep up with which he had to "make time," was enforced by the company. The engineer had to take a chance, or get hauled up for not "making time." Sometimes, it is due to a bad rail; sometime to a signal set wrong; sometime to an overworked telegraph operator who gets his orders twisted. The remedies proposed are better rails, no drinking, all-steel cars, and so forth. But is not the whole case much simpler than this? The majority of wrecks are caused by putting a strain on the mechanism of the road, either human or material that cannot be endured without cracking. In the desire to save time and make fancy schedules and guaranteed trips, the traffic is speeded up until there is not a moment nor an inch of safety margin left. The slightest failure of any one of a thousand delicate and complicated elements will result in certain disaster. Sooner or later under such a strain some element must fail. The result is death.

There is no use trying to make safe by various devices speed that is impossible for any equipment, and that allows no margin for accident. The point of attack must be the crazy idea that people have of getting from one place to another in the shortest time, and on the dot. Until speed mania is lessened, accidents due to high pressure service will be inevitable.

THE PERMANENCE OF MEMORY.
(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)
But these things I have told you, that when the time shall come you may remember that I told you of them.—St. John 16:4.

It is not strange that so great a

philosopher as Jesus should have taken account of the laws of mind. He knew what the psychologists have been centuries in finding out. He knew the laws of the human mind; he understood what we so often forget—the value and the permanence of memory.

In the hurry of to-day we often search aimlessly through the rubbish of our mind, and because we cannot find the exact information we want we say we cannot remember. But memory is as sure and as certain as the existence of the soul.

And our Lord seems to have placed great value upon mental impressions. He was constantly teaching his disciples things which they did not understand and which frequently clouded their faces with perplexity. More than once He replied to their queries that all these things would come back to them in future years when some new experience would not only suggest them, but would bring the solution and interpretation which only experience can give. And so He went on filling up the records in their minds, not for immediate use always, but satisfied that memory would be its work and that after years would find them well equipped by these very facts which experience would illumine and explain, to carry on the work of teaching.

In the gospel of which our text is taken the Master has just been stating truths which for the moment were unintelligible to His disciples, but He neither uttered nor felt misgivings, as to their ability to carry on His teachings after He was gone.

"But these things I have told you that when the time shall come you will remember that I told you of them."

Certainly all of this has a very practical lesson for every man and woman. And to those whose happiness and whose loved ones death has touched, this promise has become a blessed reality. The world would be far happier if there were more fathers who trusted to the memories of childhood and who believed and loved their sons even while the son himself lay wallowing with swine. In the dissolute life of a far country.

It is the power of memory that gives the force to a mother's prayer; it is the power of memory that holds and strengthens men in a faith that they seem long to have forgotten and enables them to put aside temptations that no one felt they could conquer.

That men are silent and unresponsive need not imply that they have ceased to feel or to think. The herding of swine and the revelry of the dissolute may not be spiritual occupation, but in the midst of them all, an active mind may be busy with contrasts and memory may cause the heart to ache by picturing the things that might have been.

The prodigal son was not in church when he came to himself. He was left alone to the ministry of memory. Starved by the things he fed on, his mind retained the knowledge of better days and led him to hope and resolution.

Even so in the silence, the minds of other men are often hearkening to the memories of earlier days and lessons. And for all those that sorrow and for all those that through darkness or doubt, through dissipation or degradation, through pain and suffering, seek to come to themselves and God, stands certain and unchanged the promise "But these things I have told you, that when the time shall come you may remember that I told you of them."

In view of the increasing cost of living it will be necessary for the domestic science schools to add to their curricula courses in how to make Willie's winter suit out of papa's last year's "pants."

See you at the fair.

After November perhaps the Colonel will go into "vodveel."

We give it up. If Roosevelt has written 100,000 letters he can never be convicted of anything. Taking a hint from the paternal Waller in Pickwick, he has provided an alibi against everything.

Why is J. P. Morgan making no \$100,000 contributions to any fund for the good of the government and the people this year? Can it be that publicity being tasteful to the great man, Perkins is dealing out the bakshesh to the willing Theodore?

The Balkan crisis isn't the thing that is worrying turkeys in this country.

Just as a real thriller, we think a football game between aeroplanes might stir the jaded nerves.

The geographers of the world are going to meet in Virginia this month in order to discover what an ideal country and climate is, so the rest of the earth can be remodelled along the same lines.

Doubtless both Will and Theodore had to chew an apple after taking off Dr. Wiley's prescription for them.

Nothing like the electric fan these October days!

A scientist says that the speed mania has converted many automobilists into nervous wrecks. What about the folks in the street that have to dodge?

What is better than Old Virginia sweet potato pie seasoned with mustard?

The Bull Moose leaders have taken a six-year lease on their new headquarters in Boston, but then it's always easy to sublet.

IF HORSES WERE ALLOWED TO BE DRIVEN THROUGH THE STREETS AS FAST AS AUTOMOBILES GO.

By John T. McCutcheon.



EMPEROR NICHOLAS GIVES HIS CONSENT

Duke of Leuchtenberg to Marry Daughter of Berlin Privy Councillor.

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.
EMPEROR Nicholas has given a reluctant consent to the marriage of his young kinsman, Prince Alexander Romanoffsky, fifth Duke of Leuchtenberg, to Marianne Friedlander, daughter of the enormously wealthy Berlin Privy Councillor of that name, and who though a Lutheran, is of Jewish origin. The Duke, however, stipulates that the marriage shall be of a morganatic character; that is to say, the bride will be neither Princess Romanoffsky, nor Duchess of Leuchtenberg, but will receive, either from the Emperor or perhaps from one of the many petty German sovereigns, the title of baroness, together with some other name, both of which will be borne by the children of the union, who, as of morganatic birth, will be excluded from the succession to their father's name and honors.

The Duke, who is far from rich, and therefore glad to marry a great heiress, is a Captain of the Russian Hussars of the Guard, a D. C. of the Emperor, a Knight of the Order of St. Andrew and is twenty-nine years of age. He is the eldest son of the late Duke George of Leuchtenberg, who died in Paris last summer, by the latter's first wife, Duchess Theres of Oldenburg. The late Duke afterwards married Princess Stana of Montenegro, who, however, divorced him to wed Grand Duke Nicholas Alexandrovitch, the detested Generalissimo of the Russian army.

Young Duke Alexander of Leuchtenberg is the senior descendant of that branch of the House of Leuchtenberg, which is descended from Josephine by her first marriage, and stepson of Emperor Napoleon. It may be remembered that Eugene, Napoleon's son, was the King of Bavaria, who bestowed upon him the Bavarian Dukedom of Leuchtenberg. His eldest son entered the Russian army, and married Grand Duchess Marie, a favorite daughter of Emperor Nicholas I., who created him Prince Romanoffsky. Duke Alexander is his grandson and principal heir.

With regard to the German Embassy in London, now vacant through the sudden death of that most masterful and able of Teuton diplomats, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, it is curious that the only three men mentioned as likely to be appointed to the post, have each of them American connections, namely: Count John Bernstorff, the German ambassador at Washington, who has an American wife, in the person of the former Miss Jeanne Luckemeyer, of New York; Baron Wilhelm von Stumm, who is under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Wilhelmstrasse, at Berlin, and whose uncle, Baron Ferdinand von Stumm, former German ambassador in England, is now in New York; while the third is Prince Hermann Hatzfeldt, formerly Secretary and Charge d'Affaires at Washington, and whose mother was a Miss Helen Moulton, of New York.

The prince is now German Minister Plenipotentiary in Egypt. Known to long and intimately with the German Embassy there, when his father, the late Count Paul Hatzfeldt, represented the Emperor at the court of St. James. He is married to a Baroness Marie von Stumm, and has a daughter, Baroness Marie von Stumm, who is now attached to the Prussian Legation at Stuttgart.

All three candidates, namely Bernstorff, Baron William von Stumm, and Prince Hermann Hatzfeldt, have spent many years in England, connected with the Kaiser's Embassy, and have pronounced English sympathies. Baron Stumm is an advantage in the eyes of their sovereign, as calculated to contribute to the success of their mission, is a drawback in the opinion of those German who see in England the "enemy," and who are bent on a war sooner or later with Great Britain.

Prince Hermann Hatzfeldt commands the greatest amount of influence at the court of Berlin, for more, indeed.

than Count Bernstorff or Baron Wilhelm von Stumm, and is more likely than any of the others to receive the appointment. Through the death of his uncle, the late Prince Alfred Hatzfeldt, he is very rich and the owner of great landed estates in Germany, while his wife too, is a great heiress.

Through his father he is a descendant of old Professor Caesar Mets, the best known teacher of dancing in New York in the early half of the nineteenth century. His classes were attended by the late William and Caroline Schumann, by the late Mrs. John Jay, by Stuyvesant Fish's mother when she was a young girl, and, indeed, by most of those maidens who afterwards developed into powerful leaders of New York society; leaders possessed of graces of carriage, deportment and courtesy, and above all of a dignity and refinement of manner that are strangely lacking in this twentieth century. The professor's daughter, Cesarine, was renowned for her beauty, and won the heart and the hand of Colonel Montfort, an Albany, and it was their daughter, Helen, who married the late Count Paul Hatzfeldt, and through him became the mother of Prince Hermann Hatzfeldt.

Lord Cranworth, whose book entitled "A Colony in the Making," just published by Macmillan, and dealing with the British East Africa, contains a number of references to ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, and to his son Kermit, makes his name in that part of his history with his young wife, his eight year old boy and his four year old girl, having closed up Letton Hall and Grundisburgh Hall, his country seats in Norfolk and Suffolk. Though his pedigree is of modern creation, having been one of the last to be bestowed by Queen Victoria just before her death, his family is an ancient one, and its patronymic of Gordon, taken from Gordon, near Cahora, on the borders of Perigord, in France, figures on the Roll of Battle Abbey, as having been represented by one of the barons at the Battle of Hastings, under the flag of William the Conqueror. Sir Adam de Gordon, a lineal ancestor of Lord Cranworth, who was one of the lords of the Simon de Montfort rebellion, was defeated in single combat in the New Forest by Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I., who was then a young man, and an entrusted him with high office. The arms granted by Edward I. to his defeated adversary are still borne by the Gordon family, and which Lord Cranworth is the chief.

Lord Cranworth's father received his peerage largely through the influence of King Edward when Prince of Wales. For Robert Gordon, as he was then, was one of the principal court magnates of Norfolk, the County in which Sandringham is situated, and therefore a neighbor of the royal manor and mistress of Sandringham Hall, the Chairman of the county Council, and of the Quarter Sessions. King Edward's father, King Henry III., when he was a young man, and a friend of Robert Gordon, in Norfolkshire, a place which has been in the Gordon family since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when John Gordon obtained it through his marriage with the only child and heiress of William Brampton, whose people had made their home there for three centuries previously.

Lord Cranworth served through the South African War, married in 1902 Miss Vera Ridley, a niece of Lord Vero, and one of the prettiest girls of her season, and is very popular among the English colony out in East Africa, where he is an extremely important member of the community. He is well known to the community, and probably knows more about the remote districts of Abyssinia than any other Englishman living.

(Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood Company.)

Voice of the People

Not coming of Fall.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir, In the caption, "Denounces Liquor Sale at Fair," you publish a communication from John E. Beale, of Hague, which makes the following reference to me:

"The Virginia General Association at Norfolk last fall did this (protested against sale of liquor). Several of our preachers in Richmond were their poets and were recently seen there and President Woodrow Wilson Davis and his able board of directors remain as much as an organ."

Mr. Beale is evidently ignorant of the fact that the Virginia General Association at Norfolk last fall did this (protested against sale of liquor). Several of our preachers in Richmond were their poets and were recently seen there and President Woodrow Wilson Davis and his able board of directors remain as much as an organ."

a misapprehension. While deeply interested in the success of the State Fair, I have no official connection with it or with its management.

W. W. MORELAND DAVIS.
Leesburg, Va.

The Midnight Run.

(For The Times-Dispatch.)

He gathered unto him his soul on that momentous night.
For all the harsh winds were a-blow,
And feeble was the light
Of those the brown November eve,
Descending o'er vales
Down from the nursery of the skies
Where all the giddy gales
Are born unto the hovering clouds and
To the hoary hills;
And yet there failed not what the lore
Of every age distills—
Repose unto a weary world in its tremendous flight;
Not to him the balm of rest in
The sweet arms of night.

II.
For he must as the storm-wing be,
Over the fields and over the streams,
Before the lavish day
Flings down the starry gold as from
The gates of the East;
It comes like thrilling melodies unto a
Gorgeous feast.
Thus with the lines of duty set, wherever it may be,
That Fate shall find her challenge out
Of the old mystery,
He goes as one may go unto the claron
Call, afar,
Of battle, while the soul exults above
The fear of war.

III.
'Twas thus he held that solemn night
The lever of his power,
And thundered over the rails as though
He cried the awful hour.
When, in the wrath of God comes
forth to smite a godless age,
And A'te rushes to the feast of Death
with quenchless rage.
On, and eternal thunders on, for since
the world began
What other victory so marks the
haughty son of man
League with the angels across the plains,
or where the billows be,
And fling unto the rushing fiend the
challenge of the sea?

IV.
Into the empire of the dark as all the
hours draw near,
Unto the midnight, even as the blazing
headlight flew
Along the narrowing lines of steel, the
eye and lo, the soul
Of him that dashed over the lane of light,
as one who seeks to know
By all the steadfast stars, or by the
lordly sun aglow
With what the coming hour
battering moment bears
For him who thus along the earth-born
peril swiftly fares;
Or to what secret destiny, or what
inviting goal.

V.
There where the woodland skirts the
way his spirit gently smiled
When over the rails the feeling here
but scarcely leaped beguiled
By the dead glare; or in the field the
heifer fed, and turned
Anon to gaze wild-eyed upon the roar-
ing fiend that burst
Its way into the stormy walls and
dim embattlements
Of old Imperial Night; or sung afar
its sudden vents
Of rage. But lo! how could the eye,
alert for peril, see
A ghostly form in sombre robes before
his lightning feet?

VI.
It fled within the sheltering edge of
the mysterious dark,
And over its shoulder, turned its vis-
age, sinister and stark
To the onrushing train, and still it
glared before
The light and from the steadfast eye of
him who sternly bore
Upon his soul the life and love com-
mitted to his care,
Devoting thus his life, and all, as only
they may dare
Who are the manliest men, and worthy
of this holy trust:
And who shall say that hero soul
desecrated from the dust?
BENJAMIN C. MOOMAW.
Savannah, Va.

Subsequent.
"Fill the water-pots with water," thus
He said;
And they that heard uplifted them
to the brim;
Twas all their task; the quickening
down of red,
The change to warmth of wine, was
left to Him.
In that story old a lesson still divine—
How just to do our part, then trust
His will;
Obedient, bringing water for the
wine,
And wait while God His wonders
show."